

# The Corrs, When He's Not Around

He's uncool and unsophisticat  
He's a tightrope walker on an open path  
He's a maze of curiosity  
He is the living bread that cures my appetite

(chorus)  
I find that i can't breathe and i can't sleep  
When he's not around  
Everyday is bluey grey  
When he's not in town

His mystique is one of innocence  
I feel i'm lounging in lovely in his big blue eyes  
And i would be preening in paradise  
If i were always beside him like a Siamese

(chorus)

Can i keep him in my galaxy  
Can he live within my fantasy

(chorus)

Can i keep him in my galaxy  
Can he live within my fantasy

(chorus)